

The Litchfield Enquirer

Devoted to Local and General Intelligence, and the Interests of Litchfield County.

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TERMS.
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Probate and other legal notices at the usual rates.
Yearly and other regular advertisers charged
according to space occupied.

THE GOULD SEMINARY.
The Winter Session of this Institute for 1859,
will commence November 2d, and continue
21 weeks.

Every effort will be made to render the instruction
thorough, and the progress as rapid as is con-
sistent with true mental culture; while due atten-
tion will be given to the formation of the character
of those entrusted to our care.

The patronage of this community is respectfully
solicited.
Application should be made previous to the opening
of the school, directly to the Principal.
Miss H. J. STYLES
Litchfield, September 12, 1859. 2m-21

**Samuel M. Ensigns Boarding and
Day School.**
An Institution for the Education of Young
Ladies and Gentlemen
In MORRIS, (formerly SOUTH FAIRMS), CT.
Departments—
ENGLISH, FRENCH, MUSIC AND DRAWING.

WINTER SESSION will commence on the
first Monday in November, 1859.
Particular attention will be given to young chil-
dren when received as members of the family. Board
can also be obtained in the immediate vicinity of
the school.

Owing to the crowded state of the school room
the last session, it is now being enlarged, and will
when completed, be one of the best in the county.
For terms and circulars, address the principal.
South Farms, Ct. 2m

Elm Park Collegiate Institute,
(FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN AND BOYS),
LITCHFIELD, Conn.

UNDER the management of the Rev. JAMES
RICHARDS, D.D., assisted by JAMES RICHARDS,
Jr., A.B., a graduate of Princeton College, New Jersey,
and WARREN BRADY, Esq., late instructor in the
Government School of Denmark.

Every advantage is afforded under the present ar-
rangements for obtaining a substantial, useful and
accomplished education. Mr. Briggs has full com-
mand of the English, French and German languages,
and an experience of eight or ten years as a teacher
of youth. The twelfth term of this school will open
on the 1st of November. Twenty pupils will be
received into the family of the Principal, and will be
under the kind and constant supervision of the In-
structors. For circulars, address the Principal.
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TESTIMONIALS OF WERNER BJERG, Esq.,
Teacher of French and German, Mathematics
and Natural Sciences in the Elm Park Institute:

We the undersigned do hereby certify that the
request of Mr. W. Bjerg, that the progress of the
pupils under his care as teacher in the Government
school at St. Croix, is more than sufficient proof of
Mr. B.'s capability, and also an argument on his
carefulness and power.
Christiansted, St. Croix, April, 1859.
J. G. STADINOR, 1st Teacher.
H. W. F. DE SILVA, 2d Teacher.
M. DANIELSON.

The above is a correct copy of the original certi-
ficate. New York, August 17, 1859.
H. BRAEN.

At the request of Mr. W. Bjerg I now take
pleasure in certifying that said Mr. B. (at present
tutor in the public school at Christiansted, St.
Croix) in his function as such I have always found
him to be fully able to fill the duties imposed upon
him with true accuracy and zeal; his good quali-
ties must not doubt be a prime key for him in any
path he may select in life, and my best wishes at
tend him.
Christiansted, St. Croix, November, 1858.
ANANDUS USTING, Lutheran Pastor at St. Croix.

The undersigned concur in every respect with the
above testimonial.
RORAN,
Director of the Burgher Council, St. Croix, Cham-
berlain.

The undersigned having the pleasure of knowing
Mr. Bjerg as an instructor and highly qualified
young man, therefore must also agree with the fore-
going recommendations.
Christiansted, St. Croix, November, 1858.
F. MOLLER, Captain.

The above are correct copies of the original certi-
ficates. New York, August 17, 1859.
H. BRAEN.

References in the city of New York—O. W. C.
SANDERSON, Esq., 39 William street and Edw. W. C.
Beaver street, New York. 19

Milton Academy.
THE WINTER SESSION of this institution will
commence on the 6th of December and continue
fourteen weeks, under charge of Rev. George
J. Harrison.

There will be a primary department taught by
Mrs. Harriet Kilbourne.
Instruction will be given upon the Melodeon if
desired.
Milton, Oct. 10, 1859. 25-5w

LADIES' DRESS CLOTH.
at
C. B. E. ROSE & Co.'s.

AUCTION.
WILL be sold at public auction on the Farm
 lately owned and occupied by Avery Allen,
in the north part of the town of Goshen, on Thurs-
day the 27th of October, 1859, at 10 o'clock in the
forenoon, 11 COWS, one four year old COLT, gentle
and kind, and broke to the harness.
Goshen, Oct. 17, 1859. 2w25c

GOSHEN ACADEMY.
THE Winter Session of this Academy will com-
mence on Wednesday, November 2d, 1859.
Oct. 20, 1859. JAMES Q. RICE. 25

BROKE INTO
THE inclosure of the subscriber, a large white
Sow, with one small Pig. The owner can have
the same by paying charges. WM. M. ENGINN.
Morriss, Oct. 19th, 1859. 11263

THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

By D. C. KILBOURNE.

This celebrated and most wonderful cavern
is situated in Edmondson County Kentucky.
It is very easy of access, there being a Rail-
road from Louisville within about eight miles,
and a daily line of stages running to it during
the summer, and a good hotel awaits the vis-
itor on the ground. About the middle of last
August I visited it with a party of friends,
who were perfectly delighted with the Ken-
tucky scenery and I doubt not would have
willingly turned back without visiting the Cave,
so much did the trip thrill their pleasure. We
arrived at the hotel at sunset and did little
that evening besides resting ourselves. In the
morning we found that the hotel was surround-
ed on either side by dense woods, there being
in its total clearing of perhaps twenty acres
but two other buildings, both log cabins, one
the Store and Post Office, the other a private
residence. At breakfast there was no talk
but the Cave. The elegant Miss Tinsel who
elsewhere would have been profuse in eulogies
upon the scenery, now boasted of the val-
ue at deeds performed in sealing the Rocky
mountains, and of the bravery required to pass
over the rocky passes of El Ghor. Each one
was perfectly acquainted with the affairs of the
others.

Our ladies say we will take the short route
to day, so we leave the table and employ old
"Nec" to guide us and then prepare for the
trip. At eight we are all ready, the ladies in
complete bloomers, never looked half so pretti-
ly, and the gentlemen with red flannel pore
jackets and old caps half so ugly as now.

How curiously we descended the hill, all peep-
ing and starting to get a first view of the hole
Oh! there it is and a dozen waiting at its
mouth; how ardently we press forward to
join them, till we meet the cold air of the cave-
ren's breath, when we get suddenly cool, and
as we wait for the guides to get the lamps read-
y each one is telling some marvelous story
about the gap forty feet in diameter and twenty
five deep, opening at our feet, and looking
so dark beyond the entrance, while over it
hangs a perpetual fog; meantime our feelings
undergo a change, pride conquers ardor and
when the guide gives each a lamp we are not
quite so enthusiastic as at first. We enter in
parties of about fifteen, and after going with-
in sight of each other for a few rods see no
more of them in the Cave. The traveler does
not feel that buoyancy of imagination which
he expected, he laughs and talks, yet it is forced,
and he feels like a person walking in an
ancient tomb, so strong are the feelings of awe,
which the gloom and solemn stillness inspires.

For a mile the remains of the miners of 1812
are found, the salt-petre vats are frequent, and
there is danger of falling into them, the tracks
of oxen and prints of a cart wheel are shown
as also a place where they fed the oxen corn
and hay, with what is left of their food. The
nitrous earth was licated in large vats, and
the ley was forced through hollow logs to the
mouth of the Cave and there evaporated. It
has not been mined since the last English
war, but such is the preserving properties of
the Cave that nothing is decayed. In one of
the large domes called the "Methodist
church," these logs have been placed for seats.

After the first mile only one or two traces of
man's work are found; these consist of two
cottages built by some consumptive people
who expected to be benefited by a residence
here, but the darkness and silence rendered
their disease fatal, and they soon died. There
are but few diseases which a retreat like this
can cure but the whole world of sickness might
be accommodated within its tomb-like walls.

As we took the "short trip" we kept the
Grand Avenue, making such departures as
were necessary to observe the finest and most
beautiful formations. Among the many beau-
tiful places and views; I can only describe one
scene in this article. The place is called the
Star Chamber, and is a part of the Grand Av-
enue. The star actor being "Nec" the guide.
The Star Chamber is about fifty feet wide by
seventy five high, the ends terminate in dark-
ness. "Nec" takes all the lamps and directs
us all to look upward. Looking overhead we see
white spots amid the coating of black gypsum
much resembling stars; while far in the dis-
tance a long white spot is aptly named the
Comet. While the visitors are very busy trac-
ing the various constellations, "Nec" tells
us to see the thunder storm, so taking all the
lights he passes slowly behind a large rock,
the shadow striking the wall much like a black
cloud, and we are left in perfect darkness, and
stay so for some time after our funny stories
and dark jokes are exhausted, and the dark-
ness becomes oppressive, and we begin to feel
sold, when we observe in an opposite direction
from its disappearance, a faint dawn of light
like the earliest dawns of morning. Gradually
it grows brighter and brighter till we have
light with joy the artificial day. In one of the
apartments called Gothic Chapel from its nu-
merous stalactites and stalagmites we are told
that a marriage occurred three years since. It
happened in this wise. A young lady had a
lover who did not in all respects suit her pa-
rents, and she promised never to marry him on
the earth, which quieted the old folks. But
as love knows no bounds, the Mammoth Cave
offered a fit place for the holy rite, without any
violation of language. We were all sur-
prised not only at the magnitude and beauti-
ful features, but at the dryness and wonderful
atmosphere of the Cave. In many places
there is a dust two or three inches deep. It
is not troublesome as there is no perceptible
current of air after you leave the Narrows,
which lie near the entrance, and the tempera-
ture being both summer and winter at just 59
deg., and always pure in every place yet ex-
plored, it does much toward preventing fatigue,
and but little is experienced in our explora-
tions. It is when we reach the warm air out-

side that we feel tired, some have fainted up-
on reaching it, and it is not safe to enter or
leave the Cave suddenly owing to the sudden
change. Our short trip lasted about six hours
during which time we went about seven miles,
and explored twenty five rooms and avenues,
each one, when lighted up by a Bengal light
remarkable and wonderful for its strange beau-
ty, and yet being entirely different from each
other, and a just description of them would
occupy a volume, not a Letter. The remain-
der of the day was spent by some in resting,
others, myself included, in botanizing, geologi-
zing or surveying the natural scenery of the
hills. I found a farmer threshing wheat by
walking horses over it, and getting under the
shade of the fanning mill, learned that land
was worth about three dollars an acre, that the
chills were common, that he never explored
the Cave at all, but thought it was a good in-
stitution, as it made the farmers a good mar-
ket for their produce, also that Caves are quite
common, every hill being hollow, each farmer
possessing one. Leaving him I went to the
Green river and filled my pockets with shells,
saw the outlet of the Cave rivers, and then
clambered up a hill four hundred feet high
and reached the Hotel in time for tea. The next
day we started as before for the long route.—
We go over the short route for two miles, and
in doing so found how imperfect my yester-
day's impressions were. My eyes being better
trained to the darkness, enabled me to see
more and more beauty at each step. It really
needs two journeys to gain a distinct knowl-
edge of the grottoes, domes, chambers and pits
that we pass. The first view is lost in won-
der, and the second assumes the real in a
measure only.

We leave the Main Avenue at the Giant's
Coffin, a very large coffin shaped rock, and
crawl along through several small passages,
some of them bearing the significant names of
Black Snake Hole, Wooden Bowl Chamber,
Reveler's Hall, &c. Then we pass over Side-
Saddle Pit, and also the "Bottomless Pit" on
a frail bridge called the Bridge of Sighs.—
These pits from the roof to the bottom are
about two hundred feet deep. Finally we
leave this avenue, and pass under a large
hanging rock called the Scotchman's trap, and
enter a long passage about four feet high, called
The Vale of Humidity; from this we enter
the Fat Man's Misery, a long and very crook-
ed passage, with plenty of room for the head
and arms; but we must walk in a channel
eighteen inches wide and reaching to our arms,
which was formed by the rapid flow of water;

from this we come to a large chamber called
Great Relief, which continued to Bacon
Chamber, the ceiling of which resembles the
interior of a Pork House with hams hung
overhead, and a place resembling an inverted
kettle, called the Old Lady's Kettle, the pur-
poses of which may be easily understood. We
soon come to the only water and slippery pas-
sage found as yet, for it must be borne in
mind that it is only partially explored. The
first place is the Dead Sea, a dark yawning
gulf, around which an iron railing is placed,
descending a ladder we cross the river
Sixty on a natural bridge, and after a series of
rocky ups and downs, reach the river itself,
taking the Great Walk we reach Lake Lethe,
passing over this in a boat we come to Echo
river, where taking ship again we go about
one half mile. This is truly a ghostly as well
as a fair trip. Nothing more romantic can be
imagined, than a party in a boat following the
tortuous windings of a miniature river five
miles from the open air. Not a ripple disturbs
the water, and a solemn stillness reigns. At
first the ceiling obliges us to lie down in the
boat, then the Cave widens out to forty or
sixty feet in diameter. This is where such a
wonderful echo is heard; each little noise is a
thousand times repeated, you hear your
heart's beat, and a multitude of emotions ar-
ise; then one of the party begins to sing,
instantly every feeling is melted and you join
in the song even as if there was a peace offering
to the power which formed such a stupendous
wonder. Nor can music ever sound finer than
in this underground concert room; not a harsh
sound grates the ear, only the melody and rich
sweet strains are returned to the ear again,
till the mind is wafted above the world of
sense, to that realm where angels do contin-
ually cry aloud, and celestial music reigns. It
is said that instrumental music is very charm-
ing here, and this we can readily believe, as
one of our party being of a warlike turn, dis-
pelled our finer reflections by suddenly dis-
charging his revolver; much to the annoyance
of the ladies and our ears, for never was thun-
der louder than it made, yet the echoes were
very musical. These streams are connected
with the Green River, and like it, are subject
to sudden rises, the marks of which are plainly
seen. Some narrow escapes are told of, as a
slight rise shuts those beyond the water from
their way out. They are also inhabited by
eyeless fish, much resembling catfish. We
did not get any of these owing to the muddy
water but succeeded in finding some cave crabs
also eyeless, and perfectly white, though
very small. One of the party found a large
out-door craw fish, it having come from
Green River. After leaving the rivers, our
way was dry and rocky and no very interesting
objects were seen until we reached Washing-
ton Hall, where a good dinner was considered
quite interesting, and was well received and
disposed of. For the next two miles our way
lay through Cleveland's Cabinet, which is one
continued formation of Gypsum, Selinite, Sul-
phate of Magnesia and Alabaster, crystallized
into various forms, such as flowers, vines,
leaves, buds, tendrils, rosettes, sunflowers,
cactus leaves, &c. In the language of another,
"Everything was there from the most exqui-
site and perfect lily to the elegance and taste
of the most elaborate Corinthian Capital, fash-
ioned from a material the most delicate, and of
a most pearly white." It is truly a scene long

to be remembered, so pure and white, so daz-
zling and grand is this spot, that no hand of
art can decorate so real as this stony frost-
work of nature. The arch is two miles long,
and each step develops new features, and
creates new impressions. At some points the
roof is studded with snow balls which reflect
your lamp like millions of diamonds, then a
coating of frost sparkles with indescribable
beauty. Leaving the Cabinet, we climb the
Rocky Mountains, which when lit up forms a
scene of magnificent grandeur. From the
Rocky Mountains we went to Prentice's Pit
passing through several fine and noted spots.—
The Pit was lighted up, and it was a fearful
sight to look down two hundred feet and see
fissures, ledges and caverns, jutting out or shad-
ed by the light. This ended our trip. We
were nine miles from the entrance, and a long
and weary road before us, so we returned,
gathering such specimens as we could carry,
and reaching the daylight again just as the
sun was setting, having been gone twelve
hours, pretty tired, and thoroughly convinced
that the Mammoth Cave, is the eighth wonder
of the world.

MR. EVERETT'S ORATION ON WEB- STER.

Hon. Edward Everett delivered an oration
at the inauguration of the Webster Statue, in
Boston, which is spoken of as one of the high-
est flights of his eloquence. We give the clos-
ing sentences, as follows:—

This is not the occasion to dwell upon the
personal character of Mr. Webster, on the facin-
ation of his social intercourse, or the charm of
his domestic life. Something I could have
said on his companionable disposition and hab-
its, his genial temper, the resources and attrac-
tions of his conversation, his love of nature,
alike in her wild and cultivated aspects, and
his keen perception of the beauties of this fair
world in which we live; something of his de-
votion to agricultural pursuits, which, next to
his professional and public duties, formed the
occupation of his life; something of his fond-
ness for athletic and many sports and exer-
cises; something of his friendships, and of his at-
tachments warmer than friendships—the son,
the brother, the husband, and the father;
something of the joys and sorrows of his
home,—of the strength of his religious con-
victions, his testimony to the truth of the Chris-
tian Revelation; the tenderness and sublimity
of the parting scene. Something on these topics
I have elsewhere said, and may not here
repeat.

Some other things, my friends, with your
indulgence, I would say; thoughts, memories,
which crowd upon me; too vivid to be re-
pressed, too personal almost to be uttered.

On the 17th of July, 1804, a young man
from New Hampshire arrived in Boston, all
but penniless, and all but friendless. He was
twenty-two years of age, and had come to take
the first steps in the career of life at the cap-
ital of New England. Three weeks after arriv-
ing in Boston, he presented himself, without
letters of recommendation, to Mr. Christopher
Gore, then returned from England, after an
official residence of some years, and solicited a
place in his office as a clerk. His only intro-
duction was by a young man as little known to
Gore as himself, and who went to pronounce
his name, so indistinctly as not to be heard.

His slender figure, striking countenance, large
dark eye, and massy brow, his general appear-
ance indicating a delicate organization, his manly
carriage and modest demeanor, arrested at-
tention and inspired confidence. His humble
suit was granted, he was received into the
office, and had been there a week before Mr.
Gore learned that his name was Daniel Web-
ster. His older brother, older in years, but
later in entering life,—(for whose education
Daniel, while teacher of the Academy at
Fryeburg, had drugged till midnight in the
office of the Register of Deeds,) at that time
taught a small school in Short street (now
Kingston street), in Boston, and while he was
in attendance at the commencement at Dart-
mouth to receive his degree, Daniel supplied
his place. At that school, at the age of ten,
I was then a pupil, and there commenced a
friendship, which lasted, without interruption
or chill, while his life lasted; of which, while
mine lasts, the grateful recollection will never
perish.

From that time forward I knew, I honored,
I loved him. I saw him at all seasons and on
all occasions, in the flush of public triumph—
in the intimacy of the fireside—in the most
unreserved interchange of personal confidence;
in health and in sickness, in sorrow and in joy;
when early honors began to wreath his brow,
and in after life through most of the important
scenes of his public career. I saw him on oc-
casions that show the manly strength, and
what is better, the manly weakness of the hu-
man heart; and I declare this day, in the pre-
sence of Heaven and of men, that I never heard
from him the expression of a wish unbecom-
ing a good citizen and a patriot—the attainment
of a word unworthy a gentleman and a Christian;
that I never knew a more generous spirit, a
safer adviser, a warmer friend.

Do not ask me if he had faults? I answer,
he was a man. He had some of the faults of
a lofty spirit, a genial temperament, and a
warm and generous nature; he had none of the
faults of a grovelling, mean, and malignant
nature. He had especially the "last infirmity
of noble mind," and had no doubt raised an
aspiring eye to the highest object of political
ambition. But he did it in the honest pride
of a capacity equal to the station, and with a
consciousness that he should reflect back the
honor which it conferred. He might say, with
Burke, that "he had no arts but honest arts,"
and if he sought the highest honors of the State,
he did it by transcendent talent, laborious ser-
vice, and patriotic devotion to the public good.

It was not given to him, any more than to
the other members of the great triumvirate
with whom his name is habitually associated,

to attain the object of their ambition; but
po-tentia will do the justice, and begin al-
ready to discharge the debt of respect and
gratitude. A noble mausoleum in honor of
Clay, and his statue by Hart, are in progress;
the statue of Calhoun, by Powers, adorns the
Court House at Charleston, and a magnificent
monument to his memory is in preparation;
and we present you this day, fellow citizens,
the statue of Webster, in enduring bronze, on
a pedestal of granite from his native State,
the noble countenance modelled from life, at
the meridian of his days and his fame, and his
person reproduced, from faithful recollection,
by the oldest and most distinguished of the
living artists of the country. He sleeps by the
multitudinous ocean, which he himself so
much resembled, in its mighty movement and
its mighty repose; but its monumental form
shall henceforth stand sentry at the portal of
the Capitol; the right hand pointing to that
symbol of the Union on which the left reposes,
and his imperial gaze directed, with the hopes
of the country, to the boundless West. In a
few short years, we, whose eyes have rested
on his majestic person, whose eyes have drunk
in the music of his clarion voice, shall have
gone to our rest; but our children, for ages to
come, as they dwell, awe-struck, gaze upon the
monumental bronze, shall say, O that we could
have seen, O that we could have heard, the
great original!

Two hundred and twenty-nine years ago,
this day, our beloved city received, from the
General Court of the Colony, the honored
name of Boston. On the long roll of those
whom she has welcomed to her nurturing bos-
om, is there a name which shines with a bright-
er luster than his? Seventy-two years ago,
this day, the Constitution of the United States
was tendered to the acceptance of the people
by George Washington. Who of all the gifted
and patriotic of the land, that have adorned
the interval, have done more to unfold its
purity, and to promote its duration?

Her, then, under the cope of Heaven; here,
on this lovely eminence; here, beneath the
walls of the Capitol of old Massachusetts;
here within the sight of those fair New Eng-
land villages; here, in the near vicinity, of the
graves of those who planted the germs of all
this palmy growth; here, within the sound of
sacred bells, we raise this monument, with lov-
ing hearts, to the Statesman, the Patriot, the
Fellow-Citizen, the neighbor, the friend.

Long may it guard the approach to these halls
of council; long may it look out upon a pros-
perous country; and, if days of trial and dis-
aster should come, and the arm of flesh should
fail, doubt not that the monumental form
would descend from its pedestal to stand in the
front rank of the peril, and the bronze lips re-
peat the cry of the living voice,—“Liberty
and Union, now and forever, one and insepar-
able.”

THE GREAT PRINCIPLE.

One of my peculiarities is a strong tenden-
cy to differ in opinion from other people upon
almost every subject. I never mouth in the
matter—I come out roundly.

I have no doubt the reader is fond of roast
beef and plum pudding. Now I detest them.
Nothing could be more gross, earthly, stultify-
ing. Besides, no man fond of such stuff
does, ever did, or ever can sit down to a meal
without running into excess. Then come cas-
tard, ice-cream, fruit, almonds, raisins, wine,
You rise with a distended stomach, and heavy
head, and stagger away with brutish apathy.

I am for light diet, milk, rice, fruit—sweet,
harmless things of nature. No lamb bleeds
for me. No stately ox is slain that I may
feast. Old mother earth supplies my slender
appetites. The deep, deep spring, clear as
crystal, the innocent vegetables—ethereal
food. Thus I am keenly susceptible to every
moral and natural beauty, which few enthusi-
ast-benefactors are.

I differ from everybody in another thing. I
believe in love at first sight. We ought to be
able to tell in a week whether a woman would
do for a wife. The judgment of true love is
intuitive; a glance and it is done. A man of
genius has in his own imagination a standard
of the object of his love—an unexplainable
model—the prototype which exists some-
where in reality, although he may never have
seen or heard of her. This is wonderful, but
it is true. He wanders about the world, im-
pervious to all the delicious, thrilling, soul-
melting beams of beauty, till he reaches the
right one. There are blue eyes—they are ten-
der, but they touch not him. They are black—
they are piercing, but his heart remains whole.

At length, accident flings him into contact
with a creature—he hears the tones of her
voice—he feels the warm streams of soul shi-
ning from her countenance. Gaze meets gaze,
and thought sparks into thought, till the
magic blaze is kindled, and they fall in love.

It sometimes happens, that for one model in
the imagination of this man of genius, there
are accidentally two or three prototypes in re-
al life; or rather, he has two or three differ-
ent models.

It is a great misfortune for a man to have
more models than one. They lead him astray.
They involve him in difficulties. They play
the very mischief with him.

And yet metaphysicians and phrenologists
ought to know, that it is no affair of his. If
a schoolboy have the organ of destructiveness,
you may whip him for killing flies, but you
must not wonder at him. If a youth—But
this brings me back again to my subject.

I never could tell how many of these models
Fred had; a great many, no doubt. He was
a sad dog—a Don Juan—a sort of Giovanni
in—but that was his business.

Oh, the sweet women! It is almost in-
credulous. He must have dealt in magic. It
was a perfect blessing to be near him: to
catch the light and heat of the thousand
glances which fell upon him, and of which you
caught a few stray ones, though only by acci-
dent. Lovely women fell into his mouth like
ripe plums. He had clusters of them. They
all loved him, and he loved them all. His
soul was as large as St. Peter's.

"What are you thinking of, Fred?" said I.
"Sara," he answered.
"She who sailed yesterday for England?"
"Yes—I loved her."
"And she?"
He rose and opened an escritoire.
"Is it not perfectly beautiful?"
The sweet relic of golden sunshiny hair lay
curled charmingly in a rose colored envelope.
It did look pretty. But—

"Has Sara R— such light hair?"
asked I. "I never knew—I always thought—
I was observing only yesterday that—surely,
surely you have made some mistake—see,
what is that written in the bottom of the pa-
per—Gertrude?"

Fred, hastily looked again in the little pi-
geon hole, and drew forth another rose-colored
envelope—another and another.
I smiled—so did he.
"What a vile, narrow prejudice it is," said
Fred.

"What?"
"That a man can love only once. I have
loved twenty—fifty—nay, a hundred times. I
always love some one. Sometimes two at a
time—sometimes twenty."

"Heartless!" exclaimed I. "This is not love!
Love is sole, absorbing, pure, constant, immu-
table."

"Hark ye," said Fred. "I seldom cease to
love. Adding another angel to the list does
not infer the striking out of any of the others.
There is no limit. A man of soul loves just
as he happens to be placed in relation to wom-
en. I am warmed by them as I am when I
stand in the sunshine. Because I have a gar-
den here, when the beams of the god of day
fall on my shoulder with a pleasing ardor—
must I not feel the warmth when I stand in
your garden yonder? It is the great prin-
ciple—should the object of my early love die,
must I be ever thereafter dead to the most ex-
quisite of human passions? Death is only a
respite. I know twelve pretty women. They
are better than men. Nature made them so.
They are all different—all excellent—all di-
vine. Can I be blind? Can I be deaf? Shall
I deny that their voices are sweet—their
hearts tender—their minds clear and intelli-
gent? No. I love them all—Julia, Mary,
Fanny, Helen, Laura, Sara, Gertrude. I never
think of them without sensations of delight.

Frederick felt a hand upon his shoulder—
He looked up. It was Mrs. B., his wife.
"The d—!" said he.

I had withdrawn, of course. I am a bach-
elor myself. Certain lectures are not in my
way. I have troubles enough of my own—
Mrs. B. did not come down to dinner. Mr.
B. did not come to tea. I did not get up
next morning to breakfast. So I could not
know what was the result.

Mrs. B. is one of the very loveliest women,
I ever met. I believe I have two or three
models myself. It is pleasant enough, but
then—every rose has its thorns.

"Only think!" said she to me, her eyes
filled with tears, her cheek crimsoned with
shame, her bosom palpitating with distress,
"twelve! He loves twelve, he says."
"A whole jury!" said I.
"It is monstrous!" said she.
"Monstrous indeed!" echoed I.

"What if I should love twelve officers?"
said she.
"Fit for fat," said I.
"Or six," said she.
"Too good for him," said I, asking her
hand.

"Or three," said she.
"Or one," said I, drawing her toward me,
and kissing her soft lips. She was my only
sister, and I always loved her.

The plot was arranged. Frederick had
mediated a journey of two days, but was
called back, by an anonymous note, at nine
the same evening.

Tall women are so scarce! We hired the
uniforms at the tailor's.
"I am thunderstruck!" exclaimed Freder-
ick to me. "The world is at an end. The sun
is out. What! Kate—my dear Kate!"—
Tears gushed from his eyes.
"I saw it myself," said the servant.

"Kissed her?"
"Six times," said John.
Frederick caught the pistol, and pointed it
at his head. I wrenched it from his grasp.
"Come with me," I said. "Perhaps it
may be a mistake."

We opened the door softly. In the next
room sat Mrs. B.—at her feet a richly dress-
ed young soldier, who kissed her hand, re-
ceived from her a lock of hair, swore he loved
her, and left her with an ardent embrace.
"I am suffocating," said Fred.
"Hush!" I exclaimed. "See, there is an-
other. How familiarly he seats himself by
her side—takes her hand!"
"I shall strangle to death!"
"Patience!"
"Dearest Colonel!" exclaimed Kate.
"The other was only the lieutenant," whis-
pered John.
"I am blessed with too few such faithful
friends."